



1-1879

## Jacksonville Republican | January 1879

Jacksonville Republican (Jacksonville, Ala. : 1837-1895)

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## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

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## PURPLE LEAVES AND RED.

"Shoes of rye and wheat

Yellow in the sun,

Lieping brooks, repeat,

Many days are done!

Soon our pleasant friends,

The dear flowers, will die;

So the summer ends—

Little folks, good-bye!

Summer's gone, good-bye!"

"Needs are empty quite;

Purple leaves and red,

Oh, the lovely sight!

On the ground lie spread;

When the busy breeze

Whirls them, hear them sigh—

Chilling days are these;

Little folks, good-bye!

Summer's gone, good-bye!"

"Apple red and gold

Shine in clusters gay,

But the cricket here

Seems to sweetly say—

Happy hours we've had,

Delights, you and I,

Need we then be sad

Though we say good-bye?

Summer's gone, good-bye!"

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## THE USES OF DUFF.

Everybody in the town of Warren

shook their heads when you talked

of the Seafords.

Warren was a little village on the

side of a Pennsylvania mountain, peo-

pled with the hardiest, thriftiest sharp-

tempered folks that ever drew their

living from that unyielding limestone

soil. The villagers disputed and quar-

relled about everything but the Sea-

fords. There was but one opinion of

them.

"The Seafords never would get on."

"They were hard-working, clever,

pious folks enough; but they would

never get on."

To "get on" was the end of life in

Warren.

The truth was that the Seafords spent

their money (and much that they could

not spare) in helping everybody that

needed help. The house was open to

all their poor relations; half a dozen

needy families came regularly for their

supply of meat and vegetables; and

even the stables were a hospital for

the blind cats and lame dogs of the

neighborhood; for Isaac Seaford

had taught his boys his own theory

and practice.

Sometimes, even his hospitable soul

felt that they carried both to an ex-

trême, as for instance, when Andrew,

the youngest boy, brought home Duff,

a deaf old negro, who had followed

the business of town pauper for years,

and had not found it profitable.

"What can we do with this poor

creature, Andy?" cried his father, who

was smoking a pipe with "Squire Mor-

row, on the porch, as Andy presented

him triumphantly.

"Feed him, sir. Duff has been

'everybody's business' long enough;

now I'll make him mine. Nigh starved,

Duff, eh?" clapping the old man on the

back, and shouting in his ear.

"Ya, ya, Mass' Andy," chuckled

Duff.

"I'll make him a bed in the barn, or

garret, or somewhere, sir, and it will

only cost another potato in the pot,"

said Anna, cheerfully.

"The pot's not too full, now," muttered

his father. "But 'He that giveth

to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

"Oh, that's your idea of finance,

eh?" said the Squire with a grin.

"Now, I put my money in bank stocks.

It yields, at least, six per cent.; I doubt

if your dividend comes in as regularly."

He shuffled off presently to report

the last symptom of idleness in the Sea-

fords, who were expected to "get on"

worse than ever, after that.

However, a blessing seemed to come

upon the hospitable roof, with the

poor, the blind, and orphans that it

contained.

The Seafords were never able to

dress suitably; they did not buy

new furniture when the rage for decor-

ation fell upon the village. But there

was always enough to eat, and cheer-

fulness in the over-full house, and

when the boys went out, one by one,

into the world, to seek their fortunes,

a friendly hand seemed to lead them to

pleasant places.

The Warren Bank, in the meanwhile

had broken, and "Squire Morrow had

lost all his savings, and was more dis-

contented and soured than ever.

Poor Duff proved a dead weight on

the Seaford household. He was a

## Her Hair Won't Curl.

A boy about twelve years old entered

Bijah's parlor so softly, and sat down

so quietly that the old janitor kept on

singing "Whoa! Emma!"

When he finally became aware of the

presence of the lad he looked down on

him kindly, and gave his white head a

fatherly pat and said:

"Bub, you don't look the least bit

like a murderer."

"No, sir; I never murdered nobody



The Southern Pacific Railroad is now coming East at the rate of two miles a day. If Congress gives to it the aid it deserves, and that the interests of the country demand, it should receive, it will soon be completed.

## A Christmas gambol

Well, the old year has buried its dead, and brought forth its living to take their places. O'Leary has got through his leggerdmain and the country is safe. The press is very kind to keep us posted about such important things. And now the time is at hand when everybody is going to open a new set of books and turn over a new leaf, and pass a few resolutions to be kept about three weeks. That's all right.

making his \$150 a week as easy as rolling in a log. Rum gets us all. The bane of New York life is whisky. They all drink it. Actors, managers, critics, good men and everybody else are slaves to drink. It is the curse of the age in which we live. A generation of "bright fellows" die out every five years. If our clergy would bother their heads about this plague of our city half as much as they do about the second coming of Christ, it would be a jolly good idea, and if Christ should chance to drop in at all a sudden he would perhaps be quite as well pleased as if his followers were found on their knees in prayer.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane* spelled differently but same pronunciation.

the 6th of November, 1878, with a recess  
on the 9th to the 20th of December.

good state of cultivation. Land very  
tile. Good dwelling, stables, gin  
and screw, tenant house and other neces-  
sary buildings. Chocoteo creek is the  
on the East side of it. Good young orch-  
ard. Splendid wells at dwelling and tenant house.  
It is known best as the McAuley place.  
Tides perfect. Terms cash. Conven-  
ient to churches, and good school within

Land buyers will take notice that if other valuable places looked for sale.

**S. R. & D. R. R.**

estate of W. S. McIlwaine, of  
in the county of Calhoun, in said di-  
strict; and who was adjudged bankrupt  
upon the petition of himself, by the di-  
strict court of the United States for said  
district.

Dated at Jacksonville, the 23d day  
December, 1878.

J. I. SIZAN.

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the left side, there is a dark, textured vertical band, likely representing the binding or the edge of the paper. The right side of the strip is a lighter, speckled area, which appears to be the main body of the page. The overall image is very narrow and has a high-contrast, grainy appearance.











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## "WHAT ART THOU DOING WITH THY LIFE?"

What art thou doing with thy life, Oh, thou with many gifts? Is thine a nature that inspires And comforts and uplifts? Do those in trouble think of thee, As of a precious help?

And dost thy presence hush the storm Till it becomes a calm.

What art thou doing with thy life? 'Twas meant for others' use, And awful is the reckoning For waste and for abuse. Better to use one talent well, Than to misuse the ten. The smile of God is recompense For all the scorn of men.

What art thou doing with thy life? Up and be doing friend; The days and nights and months and years, Our God doth only lend. If Time was all our own, what then It might be freely spent, But it is borrowed and thy theft To squander what is lent.

What art thou doing with thy life? Retrieve a past of guilt. Alas! thou canst not gather up The drops already spilt. But God will blot out yesterday For the Redeemer's sake, If thou to day, with good resolves, Will trust in Jesus' name.

What art thou doing with thy life? It is already noon; The evening shadows are not far— The night-time will come soon. And to the master we must go At setting of the sun.

To hear Him say how our day's work Has in His sight been done.

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## The Bachelor's Surmise.

A chill December evening, with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks, the gas-lamps at the corner flickering sullenly through the mist, and the wind taking one viciously as one turned the corner. Not a pleasant evening to assume possession of a new home; but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Barkdale put up his night-gear into the red brick house in the middle of the block, sincerely hoping that his new landlord would have common sense enough to light a fire in the grate.

"Is it you, sir?" Mrs. Hinman quoth beamingly. "There's a good fire, and it's all right."

"All right, eh?" said the bachelor, feeling the blue tip of his frosty nose, to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. Have the trunks come?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and the other things."

"What other things?" demanded Mr. Barkdale.

"But Mrs. Hinman pursed her lips. 'I wasn't to tell, sir, please.'"

"Rather an eccentric old lady," thought Mr. Barkdale, pushing past her to the third story front room, which he had solemnly engaged the day before.

It had been rather a dark and dingy little den by the light of the moon; but now, softened by the choral shine of a well-filled grate, it wore quite another and a brighter aspect.

"Velvet paper on the walls, gilt panelings, red carpet and Sleepy Hollow chair," thought Mr. Barkdale, glancing around. "Not so uncomfortable, after all. When I get my things unpacked it will seem quite homelike."

He set down his valise in the corner, deliberately opened it, took out a pair of slippers, and laid his tired feet therein. Next he lifted his overcoat.

"Now for a cigar," thought he.

But the brown-lacquered wood was yet in his hand, when there was a bustle, and a flutter, and a whisper, and a merry noise on the landing outside, and the door flew open, as if by magic, to admit half a dozen blooming, laughing girls.

Mr. Barkdale dropped his cigar, and retreated a step or two.

"Don't be alarmed," said the tallest and the prettiest of them; "it's only a surprise."

"A very agreeable one, I'm sure," said our friend, recovering in some degree his presence of mind.

"There's no mistake, I hope, said a yellow-tressed blonde. 'Your name is not Greenfield?'"

"No mistake at all, I assure you," said Mr. Barkdale. "Of course it's not Greenfield. Sit down ladies."

And he pushed forward the Sleepy Hollow chair, a camp-stool and two pneumatic reception chairs, which were all the accommodations presented by his apartment.

But, instead of accepting his courtesy, the girls all fluttered out again, giggling, and in a second, before he could realize this strange condition of affairs, they were back again, bearing benches and a table cloth, bouquets, a pyramid of macaronies, piled up plates of sandwiches, of frosted cake, and a mysterious something like unto an ice cream freezer.

The golden-tressed girl clapped her hands.

"You needn't think we are doing this for you, sir," she said.

"Oh," said Mr. Barkdale, bashfully. "I hadn't any such impression."

"It's all a surprise designed for Kate's cousin."

"Is it?" said Mr. Barkdale, more in the dark than ever.

"And how do you suppose we found it all out?" demanded the tall girl with the black eyes and scarlet feather in her hat.

"I haven't the least idea."

"We found your letter to Kate, and we girls read it, and we resolved to

## The Corsican Vendetta.

There are two sorts of vendetta—the direct (as the son avenging his father or the brother his brother or sister), and the indirect or transference, where the feud is kept up by distant relatives. So long as there remains one member of the two contending families the field is open to reprisals. One writer estimates that in thirty years, 30,000 men were sacrificed to this barbarous custom; and others place the number between 1350 and 1715, at 300,000. A report to the Council-General, in 1852, stated that since 1821, nearly 5000 assassinations had occurred in that island, and the situation was so serious that Prince Bonaparte was the only person in the island allowed by law to carry a gun. Towards the end of the Second Empire, the prohibition was removed, and the vendetta broke out again with renewed force and barbarity, the murders being absolved and even encouraged by public opinion. If the man who falls leaves an orphan in the cradle, his wife or sister will keep for twenty years his blood-stained clothing to nerve the orphan's arm. The most crushing reproach that can be offered to a Corsican is to have failed in his obligation. In the Middle Ages any one who backed out was fined, and if he remained contumacious for a week, banished. In 1581, the person guilty of *rimbeccare* had his tongue slit. Sometimes the quarrel extended to villages. From 1815 to 1848 the Rock-Serms and Otricoli, of the village of Sartene, had their houses loop-holed like fortresses, and at times their inhabitants would have to stand a siege for months, when the man who ventured to the window, or opened the door, was likely to be potted from the premises opposite. Not long ago, a priest, who never ventured out save with his gun on his shoulder and accompanied by his armed sexton, was shot dead at mass, by his enemy, who was hidden in the confessional. The eminent Paolo studied, during the last century, in a darkened room, where the window-shutters were lined with cork. He was besieged in a convent in 1756, by his enemies, and would have been killed, had not the mother of another foe sent her son, Thomas Carnoni, to his rescue, sacrificing his hatred to her patriotism. In 1794, Andrea Romanetti, shot dead, during the carnival festivities, the son of Marianna Pozzo de Borgo. The mother dressed herself in male attire and with a posse of friends hunted the murderer so closely that he offered to surrender if allowed to confess himself. She took him to the priest, knelt and prayed with him during his shrift, then tied him to a tree and drew up her platoon, with their guns aimed at him and suddenly relenting unbanded and pardoned him. The action lives in Corsican tradition, less because of its generosity than for its singularity. There are *parabols*, a sort of peace-making magistrates, whose province it is to arrange such feuds, and their decisions once pronounced are usually obeyed; but a meeting for purposes of reconciliation as frequently widens and intensifies the quarrel. The number of men in a family gives it an importance greater than the amount of wealth. Recently, a young man declined to marry a rich girl, preferring to wed a poorer one who had "seventeen muskets in the family."—i. e., seventeen male relatives, who would be bound to defend the new member of the household in an emergency.

Carrie Hill and Her Canary.

Carrie Hill's canary was a birthday present from one of her aunts. He was a pretty little creature, and a beautiful singer; and he and his young mistress soon became very much attached to each other. Every morning he would wake her from her slumbers with his cheerful song, and the first thing Carrie did when breakfast was over was to see that "Dickie's" cage was nice and clean, and that he had a proper supply of food and water.

Now, it happened one day, in the beautiful summer weather, that Carrie's papa and mamma were to take her along with her aunt and cousins for a picnic in the woods.

When the happy morning came, bright and sunny, Carrie was so much excited with the prospect of the pleasure in store, and the bustle of getting ready, that when she went to Dickie's cage to fill his glasses with food and water, she committed a very sad blunder. My young readers know, of course, that the glasses which contain the seeds and water for a bird in a cage have a round opening on one side, through which the little creature puts its head to eat and drink. Now, Carrie filled the water glass as usual, but in fixing it in its place in the cage she turned it round, with the opening outwards, so that poor Dickie could not get at the water. Then, not noticing what she had done, she hung the cage in its place, and went merrily to her preparations for the picnic.

Of course she enjoyed herself very much in the romps and pastimes of the day, never dreaming that through all its long sultry hours poor Dickie was parching with thirst. When at sunset they started for home, Carrie's papa and mamma were persuaded by her aunt not to go to her house and spend the evening with her, and when Carrie arrived home somewhat later than her usual bed-time, she was so tired out that she thought of nothing but getting to her rest.

In the morning, much later than usual, the child awoke from her heavy slumbers, and was struck by the strange stillness of the room. Dickie's cheerful song did not greet her ear; there

## Purifying Water.

Different waters, like different diseases, require different treatment to purify them; and all water, no matter how pure they may be, can be made quite pure for drinking or other domestic purposes without distillation, providing the proper materials be used, and sufficient time allowed the agents to act; but in many samples of water I have found distillation to be the quickest and cheapest mode of purifying them. All filters in use that I am aware of, only purify the water from solid impurities, mechanically suspended in the water. The following is a description of a filter that I have often used, which purifies foul water from impurities held in solution as well as from suspended solids. Take any suitable vessel with a perforated false bottom, and cover it with a layer of animal charcoal; on the top spread a layer of iron filings, borings or turnings, the finer the better, mixed with charcoal dust; on the top of the filings place a layer of fine, clear silicious sand, and you will have a perfect filter. Allow the foul water to filter slowly through the above filter, and you will produce a remarkably pure drinking water—before placing the iron filings in the filter they must be well washed in a hot solution of soda or potash to remove oil or other impurities, then rinse them with clean water; the filings should be mixed with an equal measure of fine charcoal. If the water is very foul it must be allowed to filter very slowly. The deeper the bed of iron filings is the quicker they will act. The above is a simple, cheap and very efficient filter, superior to any other I know of, and it has the advantage of being free to every one who chooses to make it. I have not taken out a patent for it, and I am not aware of any other person having done so; I think I am the only person who has used it. The foulest ditch water, treated as above, is rendered quite pure and fit for drinking. I may mention that I have made it a practice during the last twenty-seven years to boil all my drinking water. It is the safest plan for a man moving from place to place. You cannot always carry a filter and chemicals about with you, but you can always manage to get boiled water; people talk about it being rapid and tasteless, but I am used to it and like it.

The Rise of the Deer.

It is a most surprising thing to see a deer get up on its legs—at home I mean, and when he would prefer to be alone. Watch a cow at the same operation. Laborious elevation of one end, then of the other; then a great yawn, and a cracking of joints, and a lazy twist of the tail, and a mighty snort of bovine satisfaction, and she is ready to go to pasture. But she doesn't budge, mind, without the regular formula. How does a buck drive for pasture when you drive him up in the morning? Why, he lies with his four feet under him, and when he is ready to go it is like Jack getting out of the box. The tremendous extensor muscles contract with all the power and facility and warmth have given them, and the plump body, like a well-inflated rubber ball propelled by a vigorous kick, flies lightly into the air. The simile











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CONTAGIOUS,**

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ds

much deliberation, I tried them.  
I feel perfectly well, and am  
gratified to God for the help in my heart's  
tion. To you, sir, and your wonderful medicine.  
I feel deeply indebted, and my prayer is  
to be as much to a blessing to others as  
has been to me. (Signed) MRS. E. C. BIBBINS.  
Mrs. Bibbins, who makes the above certificate  
is the person for whom the above certificate  
medicine in June, 1895. The medicines  
were bought of Dr. RADWAY & CO., and  
what was sent to her by you. I may say  
her statement is correct without a question.  
(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_  
Druggist and Chemist, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
This may certify that Mrs. Bibbins, who  
has been cured of her complaint, has been  
for years well known to us, and the facts  
stated are undoubted and true. I know  
of no one who knows Mrs. Bibbins will  
her statement. (Signed) \_\_\_\_\_  
MRS. E. C. BIBBINS. MARY B. R. BENT  
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### LULLABY.

The maple strows the amber of its leaves  
O'er the laggard swallows nestled 'neath the eaves;  
And the noisy cricket fatters in his cry,  
Baby bye!  
For the lid of night is falling o'er the sky,  
Baby-bye!  
The lid of night is falling o'er the sky,  
Baby-bye!  
The rose is lying pallid, and the clip  
Of the frosted calla-lily folded up;  
And the breezes through the garden sob and sigh,  
Baby bye!  
O'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie,  
Baby-bye!  
O'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie,  
Baby-bye!  
Yet, baby—O, my baby, for your sake  
This heart of mine is ever wide awake—  
And my love may never drop a drowsy eye,  
Baby bye!  
Till your own are wet above me when I die,  
Baby bye!  
Till your own are wet above me when I die,  
Baby bye!

### Making Up.

"I hate 'em!"  
"Singular!"  
"I don't think it is singular."  
Fred. Tracy lit his cigar over again, and resumed his favorite recumbent attitude. His friend, Harry Blake, kept on whittling, now and then casting wondering glances at this handsome woman-hater. After a moment's silence Harry remarked:  
"How many can dislike women, more than I can tell."  
"Bah!" interrupted Fred; "you forget that I had a step-mother, and—"  
"Was jilted?"  
"No, sir"—this with emphasis—"no woman ever jilted me!"  
"But what about your engagement with Sue Osmond? Something happened. Whose fault was it—yours or hers?"  
"If you want to know, I'll tell you, and leave you to judge whose fault it was. That girl ran away with every bit of sense I had, for a brief period—only a brief period. I woke up one night to a realization of what a fool I had been! Of course, every fellow who is engaged to a girl supposes he has won perfection. I did."  
"A very foolish thing to suppose, to begin with."  
"I shaw! You don't know what you are talking about. For about six weeks after our engagement, everything was lovely. She was pretty, fascinating, deucedly intelligent and accomplished; and I spared no pains to take her everywhere she wanted to go. My team was kept pretty busy in those days, I can tell you. Sue couldn't ride in a hired coach; and as for the cars or stage, why, bless your heart! I should never have dreamed, in any emergency, of suggesting either."  
"Do you mean to tell me that Sue Osmond is such a fool as that?"  
"She never said anything about the way she should go; but, don't you see, I made such an idiot of her that I could not bear to feel for a moment that she had stepped outside of her own especial sphere."  
"Fiddlesticks!"  
"All right. Fall in love yourself, and then see! Well, this was my manner of treating her. One evening, last Winter, I was returning from the office. It was about seven o'clock, and it never rained harder since the deluge. It was a cold, slippery, horrible night, and Jim Hawkins and I walked straight through the crowded boat, and stood outside under the awning. There were only two or three there beside us. I noticed a woman leaning against the opposite side of the window. I saw that she had on an old water-proof cloak, and the hood was drawn over her hat. Finally, after considerably squinting at the figure and side face of the woman, Jim said, with a nudge:  
"Don't you know who that is, Fred?"  
"How the mischief should I know?" I asked.  
"You ought to, if any body. Take a good look, now."  
"Just then the boat touched the dock. I looked, and as sure as I live, there stood Sue Osmond, my lady-love. She drew the hood closer over her face, and while I was deciding what to do the chain was lowered, and Sue was lost among the crowd."  
"The man who hesitates, you know."  
"Yes, I know all about it. An hour after, I called on Miss Osmond. She was dressed, ready to receive me. I never saw her eyes so bright; there was an indefinable glitter all over her, and her manner was fascinating to the last degree. After a while, said I:  
"Sue, I could have sworn an hour ago that I saw you on a ferry-boat!"  
"Could you?" she laughed, without changing color. "Never swear to personal identity. I knew a man who got into a horrid scrape once by doing so."  
"Well, it wasn't you, was it Sue?" I asked.  
"How ridiculous!" she answered; and then, with a most unusual touch of defiance in her manner: "Suppose it was—that then?"  
"Nothing much," said I; "only good by, Miss Osmond!"  
"Truly?" said she in the calmest possible manner.  
"Yes, truly," I answered, "unless you can account satisfactorily for conduct so questionable!"  
"So what?" she asked, growing as white as death.  
"So questionable," I repeated.  
"She rose in a white heat. This is what she said:  
"About seven o'clock this evening I

crossed the ferry from New York to Brooklyn; and I refuse to give any account of the circumstances which made such questionable conduct necessary. So good-by Mr. Tracy."  
"What then?" inquired Harry.  
"Why, she swept out of the room like a tragedy queen, and I haven't spoken to her since."  
"Three weeks after. Same room, same company."  
"Poor Will Osmond has gone," said Harry Blake.  
"The deuce he has?" replied Fred Tracy.  
"Yes. I was over there this afternoon, and had a talk with his widow. Will's health failed immediately after his marriage, and his father was so angry with him for marrying his daughter's governess, that he would not do the least thing for him. Mrs. Osmond said that if it had not been for Sue they would have certainly starved. She pawned and sold most of her jewelry, and managed so skillfully that Will was surrounded with every comfort. I found out something, Fred."

"Do you remember the date of the night you saw Miss Osmond on the ferry-boat?" Was it the third of December?  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, that day Sue spent with her brother. He was a great deal worse, and she was determined, come what would, she would not leave him until he was easier. He grew more comfortable, and when she got ready to start for home, it rained hard. So she borrowed her sister's water-proof, and hurried off. Now, what do you think?"  
"That I was a brute, and I'll make it up this very day."  
"Evening. Scene—parlor in the house of Osmond. Sue Osmond in the library, alone. Fred Tracy is announced.  
"Good-evening, Mr. Tracy," and Sue extends a very steady little hand to her visitor.  
"I have just heard to-day of your brother's death, Miss—Osmond—and—"

Fred Tracy was never known to stammer, but now the English language failed him.  
"Will had been ill for several months," was the calm answer.  
"And to think," said Fred, almost sobbing, "that I should have been such a brute! I found out all about it to-day! I wonder if you can forgive me?"  
"Certainly," replied Sue. "I forgive you a long time ago."  
"Angel!" whispered Fred. "How can I ever be thankful enough!"  
The hands he tried to seize were withdrawn as she replied:  
"By remembering, Mr. Tracy, that no woman worth having will endure the lofty treatment you attempted with me! and that where there is true love, there is true confidence!"

"Sue, dear Sue, what do you mean? Why are you so cold?"  
"Mr. Blake!" announced a servant.  
"Good-evening, Fred," cried Harry, cordially.  
"And how's my little Sue?"  
"Very well, thank you," cried Sue, lovingly.  
"This, Mr. Tracy," she continued, with a deep blush, "is my intended husband."  
"How long has this been?" inquired poor Fred.  
"About three months," replied Blake, monochlamously.  
"And you allowed me to come round here and make a fool of myself in this manner?"  
"What manner? I was delighted that you and my Sue were going to make up and be good friends again."

Before Harry had concluded his sentence Fred was gone.  
The hall door was shut with a bang, and the lovers were alone.  
Law's Partiality for the Rich.  
"I've got a large and interesting family, Judge; a very interesting family. It would do your heart good to see them. I'm sure you couldn't help liking them. In fact you'd wish they were yours almost."  
The speaker was the mustiest looking unkempt and unwashed tramp ever seen.  
"What's that got to do with your being drunk?"  
"Let me go, my dear sir; I assure you I'll never come before you again. Never, 'pon my honor."  
"You'll not come before me for one month. Look him up," said Judge Osbourne to the officer at Jefferson Market yesterday.  
"You are charged with being drunk, sir," said the same Judge to another man in a brown surtout, shepherd's plaid pants and vest, with valuable watch, chain and studs, but clear eyes and haggard visage.  
"Ah, yes," replied he.  
"What are you and what have you to say?"  
"Ah, yes. I'm a merchant, and I drank a bottle of wine. That's all I have to say." And he laughed behind his new silk hat.  
And the Judge jealously rejoined: "A bottle of wine, eh? You must pay \$5."

The man did so and left.  
ALTHOUGH MANY are predisposed to lung troubles from birth, yet even such may escape consumption or other pulmonary or bronchial diseases, if a care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. J. C. Pierce's Great Peppermint Cure, which has produced the most beneficial effects, and has cured the largest proportion of its victims. It cures promptly moving Coughs and Colds, which, when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development. This standard remedy silences any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

### The Art of Washing.

In washing woollen things it is necessary to carry out the work rapidly, whether it be done by hand or in a machine. In a machine they are treated in much the same manner as other articles, save that no soda must on any account be used. For this reason flannels are generally washed first. Soft water is especially valuable for washing woollen things, the addition of soda being necessary to hard water in order to soften it. Pure Castile and curd soap are the best to use as containing the least soda. They should always be used in the form of jelly. This should be prepared by the soap being cut up and boiled till it becomes of the proper consistency, after which it must be mixed with the water, before the flannels are put in. The following are the main points to be attended to: They must always be washed by themselves. They must on no account be previously soaked. No soda should be used in washing them. Soap must never be rubbed on them; it must be used as a lather. They should be finished off at once, and never be left in the water during the course of washing, or be allowed to lie about damp. They must not be passed from hot to cold water. The water used should each be hotter than the last. Cold water rather sets than removes the dirt, and makes them shrink. The mode of proceeding applies to almost every class of woollen things. Wash in two lathers of warm, soft water and soap jelly; rinse in an other thinner lather (slightly blued for white things); wring thoroughly—and for this a wringer will be found most valuable, for the quicker the water can be wrung out, the better, and the twisting necessary in hand-wringing is bad for woollen things. Select a fine sunny day with a brisk wind, a rainy day is objectionable, for the drying should be done as quickly as possible in the open air. When this is impracticable woollen things should not be put to dry too near the fire, which would tend to shrink and make them yellow; they should be well snapped and shaken before they are put on the line, and during the process of drying. Petticoats should be hung up by the bands, to prevent the water from settling in the gathers, and the bands of colored flannel petticoats should be dipped in salt, to avoid the color running into them. They should be taken down, when sufficiently damp for ironing, which must be done as soon as possible. If any portion appears cockled, it should be well pulled out and straightened in preparing for ironing. The bands of petticoats, etc., should be subsequently ironed. The following is a remedy for white dannels which have become yellow: Pour over them water in which flour has been boiled in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a quart; let them remain in this long enough to cool, then rub them well in it, but use no soap; rinse subsequently in several warm waters. Repeat the process should it not at once prove effectual. Flannel will always shrink some in washing, and it is a good plan to have it shrink before making up. To effect this lay it in a tub of lukewarm soft water, take it out without squeezing as soon as it rises to the surface, hang it up to drain, and it will not have lost the appearance of newness. Another mode is to drain away the water in which it has been soaked and then wash it through in a warm lather of curd soap. To prevent knitted articles shrinking cut out in paper the exact shape of the article when new, from this have a wooden frame made with a ring attached to the top. After being washed the garment should be slipped on it and hung up by the ring to dry, by which means it will retain its original size and softness to the end.

An observant spectator will notice that the first four windows of a large house at the corner of Norfolk street, London, present a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dust, whilst through the chinks can be seen the blinds, also thick with dust, and mouldering away with age. The shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position, untouched, for more than forty years. During that time no human foot has entered that room. And the reason is this: Forty years ago, more than forty, Lord Dysart was engaged to be married, the day was fixed, the wedding morning arrived, the breakfast was laid out in that spacious and handsome room, the bridegroom was ready to proceed to church, when it was discovered that the bride was missing; a note in her handwriting was found addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped that morning with his best man, a gay and gallant captain of dragoons. The jilted bridegroom did not say much, but he went alone to the room in which the wedding breakfast was laid out, with his own hands put up the shutters and drew the blinds, locked the door and took the key. He gave orders that the door should be nailed up and barred with padlocked bars, and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and a sum of £200 per annum was paid to the tenant to compensate him for the deprivation of the use of the room. The room has never been entered since the day he closed it, and there are the "wedding meals" mouldering silently away in the funeral gloom.

### A Deserted House.

A practical joke is poor fun, because the laugh doesn't reach all the way around. What a common expression is "How do you do?" and yet what a queer one would be: "How do you do?" It's a very bad egg sample if six of them out of a half dozen are rotten. When a man goes on a tear it is but natural he should rip out an oath or two. Comment is unnecessary, and so is a bolt on the back of a bridegroom's neck. Commend us to the woman who cheerfully adapts herself to the reduced circumstances of her husband, and whose affection fits closer than a French corset or a number six glove. No one can do more'n his duty, but how many mourn because they neglect to do it. "Music hath charms"—and so hath a gay sport's watch chain. "Tis enough to enervate your good actions when you have repented of and atoned for your misdeeds. When an individual is destitute of both brains and humanity he is decidedly a poor specimen of humanity. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, let me remember when last I was tight. Wife at the window, her ma at the door; you know how it ends who have been there before.

### Anecdotes of Doctors.

John Abernethy was a great English surgeon. He had a very filthy organization, but under his rough manner he belied one of the kindest of hearts. The story of his marriage is a good one. He wrote off-hand to a lady a note of proposal, saying that he was too busy to attend in person, but that he would give her a fortnight for consideration. On one occasion, when George IV. sent for Abernethy, the monarch found him about starting to the Bartholomew's Hospital, where he had to lecture to a large number of students. "Tell the King," said Abernethy, "that I cannot go to him until after my lecture to my pupils, whom I am bound not to disappoint. After that I'm at his service." The monarch, much offended, sent for another doctor. In occasional encounters, Abernethy's patients sometimes had decided the best of it. One gentleman went to consult him about a bad pain in his shoulders. Abernethy brusquely said, "Well, I know nothing about it." "I don't know how you should," was the sharp retort, "but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps you 'sit down.'" Abernethy at once said, "Sit down," and treated him with the greatest kindness. One day a lady who went to consult him found him extremely uncourteous. "I have heard of your rudeness before I came sir, but I did not expect this." When Abernethy gave her the prescription she said, "What shall I do with this?" "Anything you like; put it in the fire if you please." The lady took him at his word, laid his fee on the table, and lustily left the room. Abernethy followed her to the hall, pressing her to take back her fee or let him give her

another prescription, but the lady was inexorable, and left the house. Abernethy absolutely disapproved of vivisection. He considered that such experiments were morally wrong, and physiologically unsafe. The famous Dr. John Radcliffe was brusque with most every one. He told an old lady who had obtained admission on false pretences that "he neither knew what was good for old women, nor what an old woman was good for." Radcliffe had a rough humor which approached wit. He once told a parlor, who had dunned him for a small amount, that he "had done his work badly, and then covered it with earth to conceal it." The man answered significantly, that "Mine is not the only bad work which the earth conceals." Struck with the retort, the doctor paid the man, adding a guinea to the amount, observing that he was a wit, and must therefore be poor. For going to the continent to see and prescribe for the Earl of Albemarle Radcliffe received \$6,000 and the offer of a baronetage, and his patient gave him \$2,000, a diamond ring of great value, and a large sum to pay his traveling expenses. Sir Henry Thompson, for having successfully operated on Leopold, late King of the Belgians, for a disease of the prostate gland, received the enormous fee of \$50,000, with the knighthood of Leopold. Sir Astley Cooper's annual income only amounted to \$300 in the fifth year of his practice. But when appointed Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the College of Surgeons in 1813, it had risen to the large sum of \$105,000. It is said that Sir Astley lectured as usual on the day he was married.

### A Deserted House.

The old lady laughed and intimated that she guessed there wouldn't be any more weddings there at present. "Yes," continued Sally Wright, "if I live to the 15th of next July I shall be ninety-three years old. My maiden name was Sally Carville, and I belong to a tough race. I have been married twice. I suppose I'm an old woman at last. I believe there's but one older person in Lewiston, and that's Mr. Wright. The two oldest persons, you see, is Wright," said the old lady, doubtfully contemplating the venerable pun. "I was born on the hill where Mr. Hodgkins lives. My father's name was Henry, and he came to Lewiston from Cape Elizabeth about a hundred years ago. He has no child living but me. He was in the revolutionary war seven years. I've had a great many sick spells, but my health is rather better than it used to be," said the old lady, evidently thinking that if she lived to grow up she would be quite vigorous. "I allers got a premium for my socks and mittens at the country fair. My last husband, John Carville, has been dead twenty years. I've been to your father's a good many times. I remember your grandfather Barker well. If I could only see I could w-ave. I begin to feel a little old, but the last time I wore, only four years ago, I wore my seven yards a day. I can't remember that any of my playmates and schoolmates and friends of my girlhood are now living. All who were anywhere near my age are gone. Is old Uncle Zeb Wright sensible?" interrupted the old lady. Receiving an affirmative reply, the reporter asked: "Do you ever laugh?"

### Fifth and Tenth.

A practical joke is poor fun, because the laugh doesn't reach all the way around. What a common expression is "How do you do?" and yet what a queer one would be: "How do you do?" It's a very bad egg sample if six of them out of a half dozen are rotten. When a man goes on a tear it is but natural he should rip out an oath or two. Comment is unnecessary, and so is a bolt on the back of a bridegroom's neck. Commend us to the woman who cheerfully adapts herself to the reduced circumstances of her husband, and whose affection fits closer than a French corset or a number six glove. No one can do more'n his duty, but how many mourn because they neglect to do it. "Music hath charms"—and so hath a gay sport's watch chain. "Tis enough to enervate your good actions when you have repented of and atoned for your misdeeds. When an individual is destitute of both brains and humanity he is decidedly a poor specimen of humanity. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, let me remember when last I was tight. Wife at the window, her ma at the door; you know how it ends who have been there before.

### Pompeii.

Excavations at Pompeii prove the city to have been one of the most fashionable and beautiful of Roman summertime resorts, and but for the eruption it might have remained so to this day. As with Pompeii, so with thousands of people who have beauty of form and feature. They might always be admired but for the eruption, that makes the face unsightly, and betrays the presence of scrofula, virulent blood poisons, or general debility. There is but one remedy that positively cures these affections, and that remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best known tonic, alterative and resolvent. It speedily cures pimples, blotches, liver spots, and all diseases arising from impure blood, and cures dyspepsia, and regulates the liver and bowels. Sold by all druggists.

### A Lady of Ninety-Two.

In company with ex-Mayor Ham, of Lewiston, Maine, a reporter recently visited Deacon Wright's residence near that place. The good old Deacon long since was gathered to his fathers. The old house receives us through its immense kitchen into a room on one side of which is a small black kiln—the old brick oven. The good wife kindly receives us, and notifies the old lady that she is wanted. Very soon a sprightly old lady in a black cap and grandmotherly gown is presented to us, and if you please, kind reader, allow us to introduce to you Mrs. Sally Wright, the oldest woman in Lewiston, indeed, hardly ever out of Lewiston in these ninety-two years since she was first ushered into this world and the wilderness of the "Le-wis-ton" of the year of grace 1789. Grandma takes a seat and smiles as the object of our visit is announced. "Until a year ago," says she, "I used to fetch my rag carpets and homespun down to the country fair; but now I've got to be dretful hard o' hearin' and am blind in one eye, and I've given up weavin', though if I could see I could weave just as well as ever I could."

### "I was married in this house," says ex-Mayor.

The old lady laughed and intimated that she guessed there wouldn't be any more weddings there at present.

"Yes," continued Sally Wright, "if I live to the 15th of next July I shall be ninety-three years old. My maiden name was Sally Carville, and I belong to a tough race. I have been married twice. I suppose I'm an old woman at last. I believe there's but one older person in Lewiston, and that's Mr. Wright. The two oldest persons, you see, is Wright," said the old lady, doubtfully contemplating the venerable pun. "I was born on the hill where Mr. Hodgkins lives. My father's name was Henry, and he came to Lewiston from Cape Elizabeth about a hundred years ago. He has no child living but me. He was in the revolutionary war seven years. I've had a great many sick spells, but my health is rather better than it used to be," said the old lady, evidently thinking that if she lived to grow up she would be quite vigorous. "I allers got a premium for my socks and mittens at the country fair. My last husband, John Carville, has been dead twenty years. I've been to your father's a good many times. I remember your grandfather Barker well. If I could only see I could w-ave. I begin to feel a little old, but the last time I wore, only four years ago, I wore my seven yards a day. I can't remember that any of my playmates and schoolmates and friends of my girlhood are now living. All who were anywhere near my age are gone. Is old Uncle Zeb Wright sensible?" interrupted the old lady. Receiving an affirmative reply, the reporter asked: "Do you ever laugh?"

The old lady fairly rippled and chuckled, "I dunno as I grow fat very much, but I laugh considerable."

### "I don't suppose you do any cooking?"

"Cooking," says Sally Wright; "if I only had my eyes I could make the best doughnuts of any one you ever see. But I'm afraid I should get some dirt in them by going it blind. Joe Skinner used to say I made the best fried cakes he ever see. I used to grate in a little apple and put in three eggs in a leetle and Joe Skinner used to turn one over and look at it, and says he, 'Them fried cakes is so light that they can turn themselves over alone.' Why, I feel to-day that I could dance if we had a good fiddler here. I used to dance a great deal, and your grand-mother (addressing Mr. Ham) used to say the devil was in me when Uncle Jim and I used to try a reel. Oh! how we danced!" The reels of other days fairly made the old lady's wrinkles roll themselves out of sight for joy. "Why, I feel now, sometimes like a carry'n' on like the Old Harry!" says the ninety-two-year-old Sally, with a wink of mischief in the corner of her blind eyes.

"I can walk half a mile any day," says Aunt Sally. "When I was a little girl we had no roads—only spotted trees to go by; but we used to have some jolly old kitchen dances. Perhaps yet I may live as long as old Mrs. Parker in Durham did; you remember she was 118 years old when she died. I expect to draw a pension soon, and that will help to keep me along."

"Good-bye, Aunt Sally, we shall probably never see you again."

### The Gibraltar Tunnel.

The proposed tunnel between Spain and Africa is still before the public. This tunnel, according to the plan at present contemplated, is to extend from within a short distance of Algiers, on the Spanish side, to between Tangier and Ceuta on the African side. The length of the submarine tunnel will be nine miles, with an inclination of one foot per hundred, and the approaches will have an extent of six or seven miles. The greatest depth of the sea is 3,000 feet; and as it is intended to have a thickness of some 300 feet of rock left between the roof of the tunnel and the sea bottom, the greatest depth of the tunnel will thus be 3,300 feet below the level of the sea.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Give a rogue rope enough and he'll hang himself.  
The best teachers of duties that still lie dim to us is the practice of those we see and have at hand.  
There would be no milk in the cream if some of our dairymen had had the construction of it.  
Sunburnt sea moss, as a fashionable color, quite usurps the place of elephant's breath and mad rooster.  
How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?  
A man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.  
Believe, and if thy faith be right, that insight which gradually transmutates faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief.  
A Rochester justice closes the marriage ceremony with this injunction: "What love hath joined together, let no discord put asunder."  
A mind trained to self-denial meets trials with an amount of reserved moral force quite insusceptible to those less habituated to self-control.  
A cat finds its own tail by looking around for something to play with. From just such trifling causes the greatest discoveries of all ages have been made.  
What is even poverty itself, that a man should murmur under it? It is but as the pain of piercing a maiden's ear, and you hang precious jewels in the wound.  
It was Emerson who declared that a man ought not to be a slave of his yesterday. Quite true—nor yet of his tomorrow. Let him rather be master of his to-day.  
No trait of character is rarer, none more admirable, than thoughtful independence of the opinions of others, combined with a sensitive regard to the feelings of others.  
If you would live tranquil and contented, endeavor that all who live with you may good. And you can have them good by instructing the willing and dismissing the unwilling.  
Better is the life of a poor man in a cottage than delicate fare in another man's house. Be it little or much, live contented; for it is a miserable life to go from house to house.  
No matter how pious men are, the moment they place policy before principle they become incapable of doing right, and are transformed into the most odious tools of despotism.  
The more gross the fraud the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly loves to be deceived, and faith wherever impostors will find impediment.  
As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses (as the Roman Emperor Nero did) with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.  
God loves to give, and he loves to have his people give. He does not like to have them covetous; he does not like to see them hoard; so when we learn to give, and love to give, we become like him.  
Angry and choleric men are as ungrateful and unsocial as thunder and lightning; being in themselves, all storm and tempest; but quiet and easy natures are like fair weather, welcome to all.  
The best recipe for going through life in an exquisite way with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.  
A time is coming when every man will pronounce even the common words of his own tongue as words of his own eyes, and be thought none the worse for it; the speaking age is passing away to make room for the writing age.  
If anybody shirks his daily duties for the sake of living a Christian life, he will find that he has done that which tends most effectually from a Christian life. If you would be a Christian, you must faithfully do the things which you are called to do to-day.  
Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.  
As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once, and is greeted by all so neither wait thou for applause and shouts and eulogies that thou mayst do well; but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun.  
To be of no church is dangerous. Religion of which the rewards are distant, and which is attained only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the minds, unless it be invigorated and repressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.  
Many a church-member, who often says "Lord, Lord," would let a piece of property for a saloon where husband and father spend their time and money in drink, or for a gambling place where young men are ruined, because he can command thereby a higher rent. Such a man has not carried religion into his business life.  
None are so likely to maintain watchful guard over their hearts and lives as those who know the comfort of living in near and constant communion with God. They feel their privilege, and fear lest they may lose it. They will therefore be more earnest; they will serve a fair name than to possess it, and they will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.







**WANTED.**—For the purpose of popularizing our wanted columns, and making it what we designed it to be—a means of effecting exchange and sale of property by our people.

We have concluded to reduce our terms of advertisement under that head, (not to exceed five lines) to 25 cents, or just half the price that we have heretofore charged. This certainly brings it within the reach of every body who has anything to sell. That an advertisement of this kind will bring a good sale of property, is an advertised stand. A man can hardly have anything that he is willing to sell but that there is some one anxious to buy.

**WANTED.**—If it is advertised, he will know exactly who has it, and thus a trade will be brought about, or if it is an article, and does not know where to buy it, he can quickly find it, by advertising that he wishes to buy such an article. As the price we charge for this kind of advertisement is only one-fourth of our published rates, we shall insist on cash payment for every advertisement under the head of **WANTED.**

No advertisement of the kind will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash. If you have anything in the way of farm produce—cows, pigs, wagon, buggy, or anything to sell, advertise it in the **WANTED** column. If you want to buy any of these things, advertise for them in the **WANTED** column, and you will be quickly supplied.

**A. MEYERS & Co.** are selling Shoes at 75 cents a pair and upwards. Calicoes 5 cents per yard; Lace Collars 5 cents, and three for 10 cents.

Come along and get bargains.

**A. MEYERS & Co.**

**T. R. WARD.**

**DEALER IN**

**Family Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, &c.**

(At Ward's old Stand, on Jacksonville and Graham road, in suburbs of Jacksonville.)

5 1/2 lbs of good Coffee for \$1 at Ward's.

10 lbs of Sugar for \$1 at Ward's.

Tobacco at 45, 55 and 65 cents per pound; Cigars, Snuff, Candies &c cheap at Ward's.

Round wood box matches, 35 cents per dozen—Nails 20 to 22 lbs for \$1 at Ward's.

Powder, Shot, Lead, Spices, Tinware, and in fact everything kept in a first-class Family Grocery Store, at astonishingly low prices. Go to Ward's for bargains.

We have been informed that one of the Rome papers has reported that Frank Beal, who was shot here lately by W. F. Laird, is dead. This is not the case. He was not dangerously wounded. So unimportant was the affair that we did not mention it. But things grow as they travel.

**PICTURES! PICTURES!!**

Allen Ozborg, of Rome, Ga., brought to Jacksonville Wednesday, a very large lot of ready framed fine chromos, which he offered out in the store room under the Republican office, and which will be sold by Mr. J. L. Mattison at prices far below anything goods of this character have ever been sold at in this country. Many of the pictures are very large, framed in heavy carved walnut and finely executed. The assortment of pictures embraces some hundreds of copies, representing all kinds of subjects from the beautiful landscape scene to the portrait of eminent personages. Now is the time to secure pictures for the embellishment of your homes. Call on Mr. Mattison and price them.

Mr. T. R. Ward appears this week as an advertiser in the Republican. We can commend him to the public as a scrupulous, honest, fair-dealing man. It will be seen from some of the prices he publishes that he gives bargains. His motto is small profits, quick sales, and turn over your money fast. Give him a call.

Just arrived, and now on exhibition, in the store room under the Republican office, a very large and select lot of Chromos, ready framed, at prices that are astonishingly low.

We have received so much encouragement to publish the Calhoun County numbers of the Republican in March that we will print it and distribute thousands of copies of it extra.

Do you have a good picture? If so, show us your opportunity. Every subject imaginable is covered by the selection. The frames are massive and costly, and the pictures artistically finished—and yet so low.

**ASPLENDID CHROMO PICTURE FOR FREE!**

To any lady or gentleman who will get us five cash subscribers, we will give any picture he or she may select from Mr. Ozborg's magnificent selection of pictures now on exhibition in Jacksonville. These pictures are heavily framed in gilt and walnut, and many of them were worth, two years ago, as high as \$12.00 each. Remember you must get us five cash subscribers for one year at \$2 each, or 10 cash subscribers for six months at \$1 each. On payment to us of \$10 with the names of such subscribers, we will give you an order on Mr. Ozborg for any picture you may select from his gallery, which you will be free to carry home as your own property without the payment of one cent of money. Here is a rare chance to get a fine picture—no cheap, trashy thing—by only a few hours' work among your neighbors canvassing for the Republican. If parties cannot come to Jacksonville to select a picture they may designate any friend they may choose to select it for them.

**A. MEYERS & Co's Domestic Department** has undergone a great change, they have reduced their prices of domestic goods, and they are now selling at LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES. Come and see them. They say that they will not be undersold.

Recently in Winchester Tenn. Mr. Dantz of that place, married Mrs. Pennington, a relative of Mrs. Judge Walker of this place. Immediately after the ceremony, the newly wedded pair started South on a visiting tour to relatives of the bride in this State. Upon their arrival here, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, to make their brief stay as pleasant as possible, determined to give them a wedding supper. Invitations were sent out, and Friday evening quite a throng of ladies and gentlemen gathered in the parlors of the hospitable host and hostess to extend welcome to the beautiful bride and gallant groom. There is probably no lady in the State who knows better how to entertain than Mrs. Walker, and consequently, in a short time, the hours were flying on like winged feet. The scene was a most animated and happy one. Cupid, still lingering lovingly around his latest victims, was present, and fairly revelled in his triumph. He danced and sparkled in the bright eyes of one sweet Miss that we could name, nestled in the dimples of another, drew silken chords around the heart of a gallant beau, and threw the cable to a peach checked Miss of sweet sixteen. Sparkling wit, bright humor, happy smiles, small talk rippling laughter, music, song, united to form a scene and hour so charming that the sedatest of the married folk forgot for a moment the present and passed back over the gulf of years to their happy honeymoon. In all this throng of youth and beauty, the bride was transcendent, and as the roses mantled her cheeks, or her gentle eyes rested with pride on the form of her husband, we could but think how deserving should be the man who could win and wear such a jewel. The wedding supper was in keeping with all the surroundings. The tables groined under every delicacy that a refined taste could suggest. It was late when the party broke up. So congenial were the guests and so pleasant was the evening that the clock marked the hour of midnight before the last lingering guest had bid the kind adieu, the bride and groom good night.

We return thanks to both Senator Morgan, and Hon. Wm. H. Forney for public documents.

This bill for the repeal of the crop lien law has been killed in the Senate. So the law stands as it is.

Never has there been such a display of pictures, as Mr. Ozborg now has on exhibition in Jacksonville. It is a capital treat to look at them. The ladies are invited to visit the store room under the Republican office and examine them.

Notice advertisement of Joe H. Privett this week. He is well qualified to run a business satisfactorily to customers, both as regards workmanship and price. Give him a trial.

Wanted—To sell a good second hand piano, very cheap. Call at this office.

Also a small lot on the west side of the Public Square. Price very low.

**NOW IS YOUR TIME TO GET BARGAINS!**

A. MEYERS & Co. are offering their entire stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Boots and Gent's Furnishings at 50% off. To make room for their Spring Stock. If you should be in need of anything in their line, call and examine yourselves.

**NEWS ITEMS FROM OXFORD.**

DIED.—In Oxford, Jan. 12th, Julien Fama, infant son of Mr. Charles Snow.

Married.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Oxford, Tuesday, Jan. 14th, by Rev. E. T. Smyth, Mr. R. W. Read and Miss Mollie Cooper.

At the residence of Mr. Wm. Crissell near Oxford, Sunday, Jan. 12th, by Rev. R. G. Roberts, Mr. John W. Moon and Miss Nancy Martin.

**SALMON IN COLDWATER.**

An agent of the government brought to this place a few weeks since, from a fishing house in Baltimore, several cans of California Salmon (a very choice variety of fish) with instructions to plant them in Big Shoal River, at Oxford, Ala. Finding that no such stream existed in this part of the country, the agent was induced by Mr. S. C. Kelly to plant them in Cold Water creek, five miles south-west of town. The agent repaired thither, and liberated two thousands of the little fellows in the crystal waters of that beautiful stream, just below Bayles's mill.

**CLUBBING COUNTY DISTILLERS.**

About fifty citizens of Clubb county, charged with violations of the U. S. revenue laws, boarded the train at this place last Friday for Huntsville, and probably half that number followed on Saturday. These men were in high spirits (not moonshine), believing that Hon. Wm. H. Forney had succeeded in obtaining a plan for their pardon, which would only require the violator to plead guilty and obligate himself to abstain from further violations. From the fact that the witnesses against them had not been summoned, they were confident that the above favorable plan had been arranged. A conversation with these men would satisfy any one that they are resolved to abandon the moonshine business.

A poor man at Rochester owed a rich man some money, and was unable to pay. The rich man obtained a judgment, and an execution, but there was nothing on which the Sheriff could levy. The Irishman had two large pigs, but the law allows a man two, and the Sheriff could not take them. The rich man bought two little pigs, had them presented to the Irishman, and thereupon took his two large ones.

We scarcely ever hear of an advertiser who don't become wealthier and wiser.

**WANTS OF THE AGES.**

It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those excellent things than he begins whimpering, or yelling, it may be for the other. At 3, the young archer becomes enamored with sugar-plums, apple pies and confectionery. At 6 his imagination runs upon kites, marbles and play-time. At 10 the boy wants to leave school and go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At 15 he wants a beard, a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At 20 he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of 25 wants a wife. At 30 he longs to be single again. From 35 to 40 he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than of spending it. At 50 he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and a nap in the afternoon. The respectable old gentleman of 60 wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four thousand, to marry his daughter, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.

**THE PROPOSED SCHOOL LAW.**

The La Fayette Clipper thus summarizes the school bill now pending in the Legislature:

We have examined it with a great deal of interest and heartily approve of the changes proposed. The chief points of difference between this and the law now in operation are as follows:

1. School Officers.—The present system of Trustees to be abolished and in lieu thereof a Superintendent is to be appointed for each township, whose duties hitherto performed by Trustees. Such Superintendents are to be exempted from road and jury duty and poll tax.
2. Pay of Teachers.—It is proposed to pay teachers on the 1st day of January, April, July and October, instead of annually as heretofore. This change will be received with great satisfaction by teachers.
3. Superintendent's Pay.—The County Superintendent will receive seventy-five dollars and two per cent. of the amount paid out. The present law gives this officer one per cent.
4. Examination of Teachers.—It is proposed to establish a board of examination in each county, composed of two teachers and the county Superintendent.
5. Teacher's Institutes.—Also the establishment of a teachers' institute is proposed, to be composed of the white teachers and one composed of the colored teachers; at the annual session of which subjects of interest to the cause of education are to be discussed.
6. Public Examination.—Public examinations are to be held once a year, and when the educational board are satisfied that any pupil has become thoroughly educated in all the branches of free institution they are to give him an honorable certificate to that effect.

The above constitutes the main points of difference between the present law and the one proposed. That the points are all in favor of the new law no one can deny, and there is hardly any doubt as to its adoption when the General Assembly meets in January.

**THE PENNILESS MAN.**

Blessed is the man who is penniless, for he is never stricken—for a dollar.

The deadhead annoyeth him not, neither is he pursued by the book agent.

He is not grasped by the lightning rod seller. The lunch fiend turneth away from him. The trinket vender passeth him by. He is not asked to invest in church lotteries.

He hath no friends to "treat;" he is poor and hath no enemies.

When he riseth in the morning his stomach is not rebellious from over feeding; neither does he chink his silver and say "How shall I get rid of all these dishes?"

When he eateth he is not vexed by a multitude of dishes.

His hands will never take unto themselves wings, neither will the fire devour his water lilies.

He is not perplexed about taxes, neither careth he for the rise in lumber.

He hath no ties for money; therefore careth not to denounce; nevertheless, a dime he will not refuse, nor turn away from a five-cent.

Yes, a gerkin will he relish, and storm the outworks of a steel-clad biscuit.

He maketh his lair in a barroom, he squatteth on a keg while it is day, and sleepeth in a barrel at night.

While the scent of whisky is, there he is found; he snuffeth the lunch with frenzy, and crieth, "ha! ha!" at the chink of glasses. He liveth like a ring-tailed monkey and dieth like a spotted jehosaphat.

**LOCAL MATTERS.**

**LOOK HERE EVERY BODY.**

Read, Read, Read.—We sell for cash only or exchange our goods for country produce. We hope our friends and customers will not ask us for credit, as we positively refuse to give it. So by not asking you will save the mortification of a refusal.

Your's Respectfully,  
W. P. & ED. L. PARR.

**LOOK HERE EVERY BODY.**

And read what follows. Boys and Girls, Girls and Boys go to Parr's, to get your toys. We have made arrangements with Santa Claus to stay over with a from the 20th inst. until the first of Jan. 1879, during which time he will deliver to all his young friends all and every article that he has in his list of desirable budget. He also invites the ladies and gents to call and see him, as the Parr's will be his headquarters during the season.

COME ONE, COME ALL BOTH GREAT AND SMALL.

**SOMETHING NEW.**

The Parrs are daily receiving new goods. Go to Parr's to buy your fancy groceries. Fresh pork, Bologna sausage, pork sausage, breakfast bacon, dried beef, white fish, cod fish, mackerel, cabbage and fine grits for breakfast or dinner, Irish potatoes, onions, cabbage, turnips, the best Cheddar cheese, the best Young American family cheese—each 10 to 12 lbs each—and many other good things. Come and see.

**THE PARRS.**

Have one fine milch cow for sale. Call soon. Also a few pounds of lucerne seed low. We have a full stock of family supplies and fancy groceries and would be happy to see our friends and sell to them at lower figures than ever sold in this market. Call and examine our large stock.

W. P. & ED. L. PARR.

**ED. G. CALDWELL,**  
(At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Chew and Smoking TOBACCOS, including the popular Swansons' Pride and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Margarine, Royal Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate, Coffee, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Mackerel, Macaroni & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Cheap Groceries for Cash** at the old Forney Corner.

**Fresh Eggs at** ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Fresh Meat at** ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the Powers patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tinware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosene oil at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 10 pounds of RICE for \$1.00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$2.00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers' prices at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**MORTGAGE SALE.**

By virtue of a mortgage, made executed and delivered by H. Snow, as mortgagor, to the undersigned, as mortgagee, on the 10th day of March, 1877, in which it conveyed for the security and certain payment of two promissory notes therein mentioned, the following described property, to-wit:

The Northeast 1/4 of Northwest 1/4 of Section 35, Township 16, Range 3, also 10 acres 1/2 mile, Northeast from the head of Coldwater creek, known as part of the Castlebury place, also one-third interest in the house and lot in the town of Oxford, Ala., known as the Turnipseed property, bought by H. Snow from E. G. Robertson, also 1/4 of the Gladden lot, lying south of the Byrum lot, north of the Harrison branch, bounded on the east by the Byrum lot, on the west by Hendrix lot, containing 1 1/2 of an acre, also in Oxford Alabama, also one 1/2 lot commencing at the Southwest corner of Robb's lot, running north, west, south and east, containing one acre, bought from J. B. Miller, which mortgage was filed in office of the Judge of Probate of Calhoun county, Alabama, on the 14th of April 1877, and recorded on the 18th of April, 1877, in Book G., 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds, on pages 177 and 178.

I will sell the above described property in the town of Oxford, Alabama, at Graham's Corner, Choccoloco & Main street, for cash, at public outcry, on the 1st day of February, 1879, to the highest bidder, to satisfy said indebtedness.

This the 30 day of Dec. 1878.

J. R. GRAHAM,  
Mortgagee.

Jan. 11—4t

**Now is Your Time to Buy a Good Farm CHEAP!**

**FOR SALE.**

The farm known as the WILLIE GLOVER PLACE. One hundred and forty acres, good dwelling and smoke house, young orchard &c. The place is situated within a mile of Cane creek, and is near the Jacksonville road. This is a good farm and desirable on credit or a term of years. Examine for yourself and then call on the owner.

W. T. L. ANSTON, Ala.  
Jan. 11, 1879—4t

**ROWAN, DEAN & Co.**  
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

**DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENS WARE, DRUGS &c.**

In fact, everything kept in a first class establishment. Our Mr. Rowan attends personally to our purchases in New York, and buys to such advantage that we are enabled to give our customers the VERY BOTTOM OF THE MARKET. TRY us and see if you can't get BETTER BARGAINS than you can get elsewhere. We have the LARGEST and BEST assorted Stock in NORTH ALABAMA.

**THE TENNESSEE WAGON, THE BEST WAGON on the market, sold by us.**

**ROME GEO. MARBLE WORKS.**  
**JONES & EDMUNDSON,**  
**AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE & GRANITE.**  
And Manufacturers of Tombs, Monuments and Headstones,  
ROME, GEORGIA.

Write for what you want, and they will write you what it will cost you.

**FIRE INSURANCE.**

The undersigned is Agent for (3) three good and reliable FIRE COMPANIES of the South, to-wit:  
GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA  
HOME PROTECTION " " HUNTSVILLE, ALA.  
CENTRAL CITY " " SELMA, ALA.

It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings, Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.

If you desire INSURANCE, call on me at JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails.

I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities.

I. L. SWAN, Agent,  
Jacksonville, Ala.

Dec 25th, 1878—1 y

**HEAD QUARTERS FOR STOVES.**

W. W. NISBET still leads the market in cheap Cooking and Heating Stoves, and yet he sells the very BEST in the market. If you want a

**Real Good Stove** of any kind for a SMALL amount of money, call on him at Jacksonville, and he will supply you at short notice.

Nov. 16.—4t

**CALHOUN COLLEGE,**  
FOR MALES AND FEMALES  
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

The winter session of 1878-9, commenced the 6th of November, 1878, with a recess from the 20th to the 30th of December.

Terms of tuition, from \$2 to \$5 per month, according to grade, payable in advance.

Board in good families at from \$5 to \$10 per month.

For further particulars address L. W. Cannon, Secretary, or W. J. BORDEN, Principal.

Dec 21, 1878—4t

**ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.**

Under and by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Calhoun county Alabama, made on the 24th day of December, 1878, I will, as the administrator of the estate of William Scott, deceased, late of said county, sell to the highest bidder on Monday the 30th day of January, 1879, between the usual hours of sale, the following personal property, to-wit:

One horse, two mules, buggy, two wagons, some cattle, corn and fodder, farming tools, house hold furniture &c.

Said sale will be had on the premises of the deceased, at the following TERMS: All sums of five dollars and under, cash; all sums over five dollars, secured by water note with two approved securities, bearing interest from date, and due 1st of January, 1880.

W. J. SCOTT,  
Administrator.

Dec. 28—4t

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

By virtue of one writ issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Ala., in favor of C. J. Cooper and against Wm. H. Hames, as Administrator of A. J. Turpin, deceased, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door, in the town of Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Ala. within the legal hours of sale, on the first Monday in February, 1879, the following described property, to-wit:

North half of Northwest quarter, Section 23, Township 15, Range 7; also ten acres of Northwest quarter of Northeast quarter, Section 27, Township 15, Range 7; Levied upon as the interest of the estate of A. J. Turpin, deceased, to satisfy said writ.

January 4, 1879.

D. Z. GOODLETT,  
Sheriff Calhoun county.

Jan. 4—4t

**NOTICE**

Is hereby given that I will ask the Legislature to pass a bill amending an act, prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors within five miles of Mt. Zion church, in Calhoun county.

E. CROSSLEY.

Nov. 21—4t

**JAMES HUTCHINSON,**  
Barber & Hair dresser,  
Room on Office Row, recently occupied by Dick Walker.

If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat and fashionable style, give him a call.

Jacksonville, Ala. 20, 1878.

**LEACH NURSERY,**  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

**PEACHES.**

Hales' Early, Early Crawford, Maiden's Blush, (October) Took Premium at the Fair, 15 cents each.—Raised from the seed.

Dec. 7—3 m.

**HALL'S**  
**VEGETABLE**  
**SICILIAN**  
**HAIR**  
**RENEWER**

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care. Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions; itching and dandruff. It gives the hair a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effective or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Price, One Dollar.

**Buckingham's Dye**  
**FOR THE WHISKERS.**

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard, front gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.,  
NASHUA, N. H.

Gold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

W. M. NISBET, Agent,  
Sep 21 '78 ly

**MARRIED BUTTS**  
No. 12 N. Eighth St.  
St. Louis, Mo.

Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the sexual troubles of both male and female than any physician in the West, ever the result of his long and successful practice in his two new works, just published, entitled

**THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE**  
**THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER**

Books that are really called for by the demand of all men and women who are afflicted with sexual troubles, and who desire to be cured. The two books embrace all the latest and most valuable information on the subject, and are written in a plain, simple, and easily understood language. They are the best works on the subject ever published, and are the only ones that can be relied upon for a cure. They are the only works that give the full and complete treatment of the disease, and are the only ones that can be relied upon for a cure. They are the only works that give the full and complete treatment of the disease, and are the only ones that can be relied upon for a cure.

**SINGLE**  
**COPIES**

**SMOKE**  
**TOBACCO**

**BURNHAM'S**  
**WATER WHEEL**  
WARRANTED BEST AND CHEAPEST  
Prices reduced. Promptly filled.  
**MILLING SUPPLIES.**

Works: Christiana, Lancaster Co. Pa.  
Office: 23 S. Beaver St., York, Pa.

The Remedy of the 19th Century.  
**Barham's Infallible**  
**PILE CURE.**

Manufactured by the  
DR. J. C. BARHAM, U. S. A.  
"Pile Cure" fills to cure Hemorrhoids, Piles, Stricture, and all kinds of urinary troubles. It is the only medicine that cures these diseases, and is the only one that can be relied upon for a cure. It is the only medicine that cures these diseases, and is the only one that can be relied upon for a cure.

**Madison Dispensary,**  
501 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Our motto is, "We will cure you, or we will refund your money." We have a large stock of all the latest and most valuable medicines, and are prepared to fill all orders promptly. We are the only dispensary in the West that cures all kinds of diseases, and is the only one that can be relied upon for a cure.

**MARRIAGE**  
**GUIDE**  
AND  
**BOOK OF SECRETS.**

By DR. JOHANNES  
This book contains all the latest and most valuable information on the subject of marriage, and is the only one that can be relied upon for a cure. It is the only book that gives the full and complete treatment of the disease, and is the only one that can be relied upon for a cure.

**PRESCRIPTION FREE!**

For the speedy cure of all kinds of diseases, we have a large stock of all the latest and most valuable medicines, and are prepared to fill all orders promptly. We are the only dispensary in the West that cures all kinds of diseases, and is the only one that can be relied upon for a cure.

**OPIMUM**



ARE THE BEST.  
D. LANDRETH & SONS.  
21 & 23 South SIXTH St., Philadelphia.